

W. H. Stewart

# MY GARDEN

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## And Other Verses

Including

“The Scab”

“To Ireland”

“Sabbath Morn”

“A Ballad of Blood”

and

“The Spirit of Discontent”

By

**J. B. HULBERT**

Introduction by ROBERT HOGG

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**PRICE ONE SHILLING**

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Dorothy H. Stewart

# My Garden

## And Other Verses

By

J. B. Hulbert

Introduction by ROBERT HOGG

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite  
beyond it, blooms the garden that I love

— Fennyson



1922.

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The poems with † against them have been set to music by the author, who should be communicated with by anyone proposing further musical settings.

Several of these pieces have previously appeared in the "N.Z. Truth" and "Maoriland Worker," to whom the author expresses thanks for permission to print.

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## INTRODUCTION



THE author of the following verses, James Brooks Hulbert, is a native of that delectable demesne, Whitechapel, London, E. Both his parents being musical it is no surprise to learn that their family, three boys and one girl, early gave evidence of considerable musical talent. When a boy at the school at St. Paul's, Bow Common, he and one of his brothers (Charles) came under the notice of Mr. Fred Walker, Choirmaster St. Paul's Cathedral, and having good voices were frequently soloists at the Cathedral services in Sir John Goss's time. At this time he was also being initiated into the mysteries of the craft of boot and shoe making as a means of earning his daily bread. During his apprenticeship he came under the influence of David Gullen, a bootmaker poet and nature lover, with whom his rambles in Epping Forest on high days and holidays, are among his earliest and most pleasant recollections. To these rambles and instructive conversations betimes, no doubt he owes the stirring into activity of that love of nature and of song (in both realms) till then latent within him, and of which he was to make such good use in after life. Like many others of his craft he was early embued with Radicalism and while quite a youth became a member of the Tower Hamlets Radical Association, and did his bit in those now far-away days to endeavour to get George Odger returned to the House of Commons. He was pianist of the Association and officiated on the evening George R. Sims made his debut and recited "Billy's Rose." He early became heterodox in other than his political opinions, kicking over the traces of his father's religious faith, and as a result of these tendencies he had to quit the paternal roof and set out to find and fend for himself. He became a regular attendant at Old

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Street Hall, where he had the advantage of listening to the redoubtable Charles Bradlaugh, Mrs. Besant, and other leaders of Secularism and Rationalism, of which he has ever since been an unfaltering follower.

All this, however, did not unduly interfere with his devotion to the sister arts of vocal and instrumental music. While still a young man he formed a choir and orchestra in Limehouse and, subsequently, produced many cantatas and oratorios. During this active period in the domain of music he had deserted the shoemakers' bench for a clerical calling, at which he was employed until his marriage, when he removed to New Zealand. On arriving in the Dominion he re-entered the boot trade, which he has followed with varying fortune ever since. He has been in his time works manager for Messrs. W. and J. Staples, Wellington, Suckling Bros., Christchurch, Symon Bros., and others.

Although quite early he tried his prentice hand at verse making, he was a more enthusiastic follower of the sister muse, and it was not till much later in life when he had begun to take an active part in the Trades Union and Labour movement that he set to practice the rhymers' art assiduously. In the early 'nineties of last century he did much splendid work in enthusing the workers in their fight against the Tories who had so long held high revel as the rulers of New Zealand, and one or other of his Labour songs were sung at every important meeting of the proletariat, and these with his work in other lines did much to secure the return of Ballance and Seddon to power and the ousting the Tories from office for a couple of decades—during which all that was worth while in New Zealand industrial legislation was placed upon the Statute Book.

The world has moved since then, and "J.B.H." has moved with it. As these verses show, he is still to be found in the working-class vanguard. Others may have fallen, faltered or fainted by the way, some may have

grown weary of well-doing or, with increase of this world's goods, gone over to the enemy. But varying fortune has found him and left him true to the People's cause—the one cause worth while.

The following verses may be “no great shakes,” tested by the standards of the schools, but as folk-song meant to hearten comrades in the rough and tumble of the proletarian fight for freedom they are, and have been, effective in their own way. In sentiment he is clear and circumspect. In thought he has always been *sui generis*, therefore he does not claim to agree in all things with other Labour thinkers, writers, and singers. He claims, however, that *sine stat viribus* and is content to let it go at that. His strength may appear to others as weakness, but such in no way perturbs him. That he could have turned out much better verse than such as make up the major portion of this little booklet had he cared to devote himself seriously to such work, one has but to read the verses entitled “My Garden” to be convinced. That he has not done so we may regret, but, who knows whether the numbers rude may not prove of more worth in the end. “Song sweetens toil however rude the sound,” sang the poet Prior. These songs, though rude of sound and phrase, may help forward that new time when toil will be sweeter and more deserving of song, and the song because of that be all the sweeter and nobler in turn. At least this is our poet's purpose, and who dare say that he shall altogether fail?

—ROBERT HOGG.

## MY GARDEN\*

Iram indeed is gone with all its Rose,  
And Jamshyd's seven-ringed Cup, where, no one knows,  
But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,  
And still a Garden by the Water blows.

—Omar Khayyam.

Of cinders, clay, and e'en brickbats,  
Of clinkers, stones, discarded mats,  
Of pots and pans, and old felt hats  
The burial place of dogs and cats—  
'Twas here I made a garden.

Now there the rose displays her bloom,  
The bold nasturtium claims its room;  
The gladiolus waves its plume,  
Carnations yield their sweet perfume,  
All glorious in my garden.

When Autumn nears, as Summer's heat  
Is past, and Sol is in retreat,  
Chrysanthemums in glory greet  
Anemone's white flowers discreet,  
And so adorn my garden.

Old Winter comes, to silence wed,  
When flowers do sleep, though few are dead  
Soon violets will from mossy bed,  
With crocus lift each tiny head  
Once more to grace my garden.

Who'd change for monarch's shaky thrones,  
Or statesmen's worries—votes and loans—  
Or "saved ones," with their moans and groans,  
Whilst there is weeding, gathering stones,  
Or digging in a garden?

Our parents fell. We're told 'twas just  
They were from Eden's Garden thrust;  
But when it comes, as come it must,  
That I contribute to the dust—  
Let it be in a garden.

\*Obtained first prize at the Masterton Competitions, 1921.



SEQUEL TO "MY GARDEN"

Alas! for things we can't divine,  
A villian came with rule and line,  
To violate this love of mine,  
    And rob me of my garden.

A sad grey wall now coldly tow'rs,  
That steals the morning sunlight hours,  
And chills the hearts of opening flowers,  
    That revelled in my garden.

Thus commerce wounds me with her prongs,  
But this I'll bear—with other wrongs—  
And dreaming, build my world of songs,  
    And wait a better garden.

## A BALLAD OF BLOOD.

### 1

I sing of red blood, of the crimson tide flowing  
Warm in our veins, with sympathy glowing;  
Symbol of Brotherhood, all people's holding  
Bonded together, one glorious enfolding.  
Th' advance guard of Privilege halting with horror  
dread,  
Views the host gath'ring beneath the bright banner  
red;  
See how it staggers before our brave shining ones—  
All that survived of the starving and pining ones;  
Scorning the jibes of the traitor and varlet,  
Bearing aloft the loved banner of scarlet.

### Refrain:

So what if the skin be black, white or yellow?  
One's blood is as dear as that of his fellow.  
Plute's press may spread poison thro' mill and thro'  
mart,  
And by cunning device keep the workers apart;  
But the time that is coming's indeed very near,  
When the whole master class will be palsied with  
fear.  
Then earth's toiling millions who've never been paid,  
Will rise and claim all that their industry's made.

Not then of War but of Peace are we singing,  
 Message of Hope for the suff'ring ones bringing;  
 Not to the list of the dead and the dying  
 One would we add; all else is lying.  
 But if Greed's vampires, when needing a relish,  
 Torture the toilers with methods most hellish,  
 Shall we stand by and see loved ones a-falling,  
 Bent with the strife, cruel chains their flesh galling?  
 No, in the fight though we fall, with our sorrow,  
 Our blood is but shed for the race of To-morrow.

Refrain :

Sing of warm blood in the veins of the living!  
 And sing of the dead, enshrined by the giving  
 Of life's crimson stream; who, ere they fell sleeping,  
 The Charter of Progress bequeathed to our keeping.  
 Sing of Red Blood and its emblem inspiring,  
 Ay, sing of that banner, with voices untiring;  
 And when all are enfolded now under the sun,  
 Our task will be finished, our work will be done.

## TO IRELAND.

Poor Erin, fair country! Oh, why are thou weeping?  
Thy sweet face again why with sorrow o'er cast?  
Dost thou still mourn thy patriots quietly sleeping,  
Who gave to their country their lives in the past?  
Or dost thou, bereaved of thy sons and thy  
daughters,  
That from thee by cruel misfortune were torn,  
Still pine for thy children across the broad waters,  
In the land of the exile and outcast forlorn?

### Refrain :

Oh, dear little Erin, no more be a-crying,  
For Liberty's bugle resounds o'er each hill;  
The children who've left ye their eyes a-drying,  
For the hearts of thy patriots beat for them still.

What, tho' by thy sister so proud thou'rt forsaken,  
And left now to fight all thy battles alone;  
With right to inspire them thy sons will awaken,  
Defending the laurels their fathers have won;  
And when thou'rt free from the shackles that bind  
thee,  
When thy people may live on the soil they have  
tilled,  
With smiles on thy cheek once again we shall find  
thee,  
Sweet flow'r of the ocean with fragrance refilled.

### Refrain :

Oh, dear little, etc.

Dedicated to the "Kilmainham prisoners," C. S. Parnell  
and others. 1881.

## THE SINGER I WOULD BE

I do not ask from heaven the fire,  
That I may sing in language grand  
Such as our master-minds inspire,  
And but the few can understand.  
Convention aye with progress strives;  
Be mine the service consummate,  
To weave into the toilers' lives  
Phrases to urge and stimulate;  
So come or not this fire to me,  
Such is the singer I would be.

Yet crave I lofty thought and power,  
A voice to chant the COMMON GOOD;  
With song to tell the coming hour  
Of Universal Brotherhood.  
That children the To-morrow bring,  
Tell how he gave a well-loved strain,  
His songs they'd heard their fathers sing;  
'Twas he that bade them hope again.  
So come or not this fire to me,  
Such is the singer I would be.

## CHRISTMAS

Beside me gloomed the prison cell,  
Where wasted one in slow decline,  
For uttering simple words of mine,  
And loving freedom all too well.  
On the oppressor's side was power;  
And yet I knew that every wrong,  
However old, however strong,  
But waited God's avenging hour.

—Whittier.

'Twas the day that records with devotion  
The birth of the poor Nazarene;  
That I mused, where the land meets the ocean,  
Resolving at last in a dream.

And there rose on my vision a temple,  
Prepared for the "waster" and "crook";  
And I thought of Thorn, Fraser, and Semple,  
And Brindle, and Parker, and Cooke.

That within were those clean-living brothers,  
Who'd given for the noblest of ends  
The years more sweet than all others,  
Torn from home and from comrades and  
friends.

The bells in the distance were flinging  
Their message of hope on the air:  
The new "law of love" to man bringing,  
Dethroning the demon despair.

Then the picture of nations a-fighting,  
Of Christians who slaughter and burn;  
Though the Master had said "If one strike you,  
The unsmitten cheek thou must turn."

\* \* \* \* \*

I awoke at a seagull's near crying,  
The wave well-nigh kissing my feet;  
Sky and ocean and beauty seemed trying  
With color and kisses to greet.

This the land with Democracy teeming?  
Hope of Ballance, of Seddon, and Grey?  
Oh! would 'twere a dream I'd been dreaming  
That with sunrise would vanish away!

## INCENTIVE.

Some say, when out the profit system's cast,  
Incentive there'll be none in crafts or arts;  
Whilst every schoolboy knows how in the past,  
Half-starved have been the Schuberts and  
Mozarts.

Was it for money Franklin left his bones  
Amid the cruel Arctic waste to bleach?  
Or in the fiery tropics Livingstone's  
Years were spent, Christ's Brotherhood to teach?

Or scorning a Kaiser's bribes, Marx chose to starve  
In London's gloom, alone, unknown, and poor,  
That for the toilers he might live to carve  
The key t' unlock the economic door?

That art and science must rewarded be  
By things material, let them lay to rest;  
For those who've labored well, nigh starved we see,  
And those who make fine clothes are poorest  
dressed.

When will men learn that genius is not made,  
And oft must give its gems for plates of stew?  
The rhymer's, like fiddlers, is an ill-paid trade—  
Poetry with profit favors but the few.

## WORKERS, ARE YE WAKING ?

Workers, are ye waking? Lo! the night has flown;  
Wake to take the things ye make, claim them—  
they're your own.

Wrest them from the idlers, from the robber band,  
They who ne'er make anything, yet your skill com-  
mand.

Treasure from the mines you tear, fashion in the  
mill;

Your reward? Subsistence bare. Idlers' coffers fill.  
And though with hearts a-breaking, ye toil 'neath  
sun and star,

Things you're ever making—yours they never are.

Workers, are ye waking?

Masterdom dethrone.

Dawn's the hour for taking—

Day to claim your own!

Workers, are ye dreaming all your lives away?  
Only play at rebels in your childlike way;  
You who build the palaces, contented with the slums,  
Weaving silk and laces, clad in cotton thrums.  
Theatres and halls ye raise, yours the talent, too,  
Velvet seats for idlers, "standing room" for you.  
Motor cars and carriages ye construct galore,  
For the useless classes, then tramp home footsore.

Cease to nurse the tyrants!

End the hateful tax!

Wake, oh, sleeping giants,

Throw them off your backs!



## SABBATH MORN.

'Twix temples two 's the house in which I dwell,  
From England's church, and Scotia's kirk they  
claim descent;

Each promises salvation from the fires of hell,  
If one profess their faith—plus cash—and doth  
repent.

Each peaceful Sabbath morn their bells will clash  
and drum,

Like cheap-jacks at a fair, or those of rival show-  
men;

Torturing tired toilers in the neighbouring slum,  
And wakening, all too soon, night's "fallen"  
women.

And as our clock's hands near the hour eleven,  
Sleek coats well brushed, and hats of highest  
polish,

Figure in the scheme that claims one day in seven,  
Intent their six days' wickedness to demolish.

The landshark, profiteer, and banker looking wise,  
The smug-faced rentlord, the draper paunched  
and grey;

The factory sweater, with the close-placed eyes  
Are there; but they who toil (the workers) where  
are they?

To-day the wage-slave pleads for something juster  
Than that crude concept—"vicarious sacrifice";  
Yearns for a creed both nobler and robuster,  
And will not pay, with liberty, the price.

And I would rather roast with Omar, Burns and  
Byron,

To strains of Sullivan, Beethoven and Mozart,  
With Paine and Bradlaugh grill on Nick's gridiron,  
Than with mean souls share paradise a part.

## IT WAS A SWEET AND LOVELY FLOW'R.

It was a sweet and lovely flow'r,  
That in my garden grew;  
I placed it in a shelter'd bow'r  
Amongst a favor'd few.  
Its foliage of the tenderest green  
Would all around illumine;  
No flower could yield to senses keen  
More exquisite perfume.

Then winter came with frosty flake,  
And gales that come and go;  
But, gently tethered to a stake,  
My love her buds did show:  
Her unprotected gems were spread  
With pure and virgin trust;  
When lo, at dusk a villian's tread,  
And forth a hand is thrust.

My eyes at dawn confirmed my fears,  
The ground her buds bestrew;  
Her leaves were torn and wet with tears,  
Shed by the kindly dew.  
To bind each spray I'll now engage,  
While morning sunshine creeps;  
But prisoner in a gilded cage  
I wonder where she weeps.

## TO A CHILD CRYING.

Why those tears my pretty one?  
Why that little breaking heart?  
Life with you has scarce begun,  
You have yet to learn your part.

Save those tears, and cease to weep,  
There's the sunshine. Ah! its glow!  
Wisely for the future keep  
Jewels that away you throw.

We who've lived the strenuous years,  
Nearing life's allotted span,  
For joy to-day, will find such tears,  
That for grief once freely ran.

Now you're laughing, I believe.  
—Neighbours old are joy and sorrow—  
Come, your pennance I'll receive:  
Kisses now, and more to-morrow.

## WHO THE DEVIL NEXT ?

We fought the French and Rooshians,  
Whipped them on land and sea ;  
We fought our Yankee Cousins  
To enforce a tax on tea.

We fought the black, we fought the Boer,  
Laid waste a fertile land,  
To suit the plans of Chamberlain  
And robbers of the Rand.

We fought the Dutch, the Maori,  
Afghan and Soudanese,  
On India our sword was laid,  
We bullied the Chinese,

To make them take our opium,  
(Than drink a greater curse) ;  
We took our "hell" to them, you know,  
They did not come to us.

So if I do forget to cheer,  
Don't be too beastly vexed—  
I've merely fell a-wondering  
Who the devil 't 'ill be next?

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The charge is murder; and outside  
The jury stand, who just have tried  
A swarthy youth. (To be correct,  
A Maori boy.) He stands erect.  
"Silence!" the Usher cries aloud,  
As into Court the jury crowd.  
Then "Guilty" is the verdict given,  
And mercy asked, as shown by Heaven.  
The Judge declares, in tones unmoved;  
"Prisoner, your guilt's been amply  
proved."

A cap of black he places then  
Upon his head. He speaks again:  
"You in your prison cell must wait  
Until the Government fix a date,  
When to the gallows you'll be led,  
There to be hanged till you are dead.  
The Law says you're unfit to live—  
May God in Heaven your crime forgive."  
Oh, hellish creed! Oh, damning lie!  
"Unfit to live?" Yet fit to die!

Why does he further duty shirk?  
I'd make that judge complete his work!  
With his sleek hands erect the beam,  
Prepare the noose for act supreme;  
Pinion the hands, the eyesight stop,  
Withdraw the bolt, behold the drop:  
Cut down the corpse, and into lime  
Emplant "God's image," kinked by crime;  
While Satan, smiling, standeth near,  
To help him should he faint or fear!

Not so! Not so! These gentle souls  
To do such work find other ghouls,  
(Vile creatures, who, with creed pernicious,  
Will stoop to any deed that's vicious),  
And with them make a bond and pact,  
As substitutes for them to act;  
And for the gold that perisheth,  
To the condemned ones deal out death.  
"Oh, pray," they say, for cash now ease us,  
And "jerk this sinning soul to Jesus!"

## A FACT.

In 'Eighty-five, a friend of mine who lived by bow  
and fiddle,  
With wife and boy found life at times sufficiently a  
riddle.  
The lady was a dreamer and inclined to occult  
things,  
Although the angels that she saw, had never any  
wings.  
Maybe 'twas disappointing that her firstborn was a  
son;  
At anyrate she searched to find if something could  
be done  
To influence the sex of the next babe she might bear;  
Tomes medical she searched and searched in hopes  
to find it there.  
At last a book she found, by a Dr. Cowan penned,  
"Pre-Natal Culture" it was called. She read it to  
the end.  
The method advocated was: "Some pretty picture  
get  
Of one you'd have your baby like: on it your  
thoughts keep set."  
So that mother sought a picture of a beauty feminine  
To influence her infant's sex the way she did incline.  
A friend, a mail boat officer, when next he came  
along,  
Was asked to bring a picture out, that she might  
gaze upon.

The weeks passed by, the boat returned, the picture  
safe arrived,  
And for her object honestly the earnest mother  
strived  
She gazed by day, and e'en by night still gazing  
might be seen,  
On fated Mary Stuart's face, Old Scotland's beau-  
teous Queen;  
And in those months of waiting oft her mother-  
heart would whirl,  
As she hoped to be the parent of a bonnie baby girl.  
At last the day arrives: the weary waiting's done,  
The nurse and doctor both are there, and father  
takes a run.  
But soon returns with nervous stride, he cannot  
keep away.  
It may be love, it may be pride, but that's a father's  
way.  
Alas, that Nature, blind old dame, so oft should  
mar our joys;  
The nurse comes out and whispers: "Two bonnie  
baby boys!"

## THE SCAB.

I've travelled o'er mountains and hills and through  
valleys,  
Where the worker is crushed by the "Lord of the  
soil";  
Through Chicago and China, through London's dull  
alleys,  
Where millions of beings know nothing but toil.  
Where the spectre of hunger and want, present ever,  
Makes the life of the toiler all dullness and drab;  
But of earth's most degraded ones, surely I never  
Met one in my life to compare with the "Scab."

Oh, the Scab! Oh, the Scab!  
When Massey's little pet you gently grab,  
Your love on him bestow it,  
Put your brand so you will know it,  
In a place where he can't show it—  
He's a Scab!

There are creatures who'll cringe and crawl to the  
bosses,  
Who haven't yet learned they belong to that class  
That produces all wealth, and then hands it, like  
asses!  
To those who do nothing but gay the time pass.  
When the toilers are striving for better conditions,  
These freaks of the Fatman, with brains like the  
crabs,  
That bid them walk backwards (an ancient tradi-  
tion);  
"Free laborers" they call them—their proper  
name's "Scabs."



Oh, the Scab! Oh, the Scab!  
Be he Liberal, or Tory, or Lib-Lab;  
He's without redeeming features,  
Though the pet of all the preachers,  
He's the meanest of all creatures—  
He's a Scab!

Take the traders who lie and deceive for their profit,  
The landlords evicting the poor for their rent,  
The userers dunning to death for their interest,  
The blackmailers dogging and never content:  
The cowards who write you anonymous letters,  
The thief in the dark who would deal you a stab,  
The loafers, the spiellers, the church-going sweaters,  
Are angels from heaven compared with the Scab.

Oh, the Scab! Oh, the Scab!  
When you're on strike your job he'll meanly  
grab:  
As a social pest we know him,  
In the gutter we will throw him,  
Where the flies won't even blow him—  
He's a Scab!

Written at Dunedin during the '90 Strike and sung by Frank Norton

## THE POPULAR SCAPEGOAT.

There's a very old saw, "Give a dog a bad name,  
And then you may hang him and no one's to  
blame";

And another says, "Drowning men throw up their  
claws,

Though there's nothing, alas, to grasp at but  
straws."

So folk in a funk, without rule, rhyme or reason,  
Trace present-day troubles to toilers' vile treason.

Should a boiler blow up, or a steamer go down,

Or somebody curses the Cross or the Crown,

A scapegoat you'll find, but don't let it trouble  
you—

Put it all down to the I—Double—W.

If Allen and Massey feel bitter and sore,

As to who "blew the gaff" on their "nineteen year"  
score,

Or Sir Joe, of Finance, once known as the Wizard,  
Gets laid up again with "gold in the gizzard";

Or should Bobbie Stoush with much pain be troubled  
Through pumpkin in jam—so that profits be  
doubled—

Or Wowser Wright's waterpipe goes on the "bust,"

Or he can't sleep in church through the fleas or the  
dust;

To find out the cause, no, don't let it trouble you—

Put it all down to the I—Double—W.

## THE SPIRIT OF DISCONTENT.

### 1

I am the spirit of discontent,  
On mission great with purpose bent ;  
Lo! at my call the air is rent,  
    From morn till setting sun.  
I plow the land, I plow the foam,  
Where's slaves unfreed 'tis there I roam ;  
I lodge with those who have no home,  
    But bow the knee to none.  
True, I make havoc in my wrath,  
For Progress thus is clear'd a path ;  
In night's travail 'tis hope that's born,  
And the despairing hail the morn.

### Refrain :

See how they come from every land,  
Hark to their cheers, one chorus grand ;  
One song to thrilling music wed,  
One flag they hold aloft, "The Red!"

### 2

Where cowards thrive and traitors dwell,  
Tho' heaven to them, to me 'tis hell ;  
When I come forth within its shell,  
    The gold fiend seeks to hide.  
But cheers that winging o'er the waves,  
From fo'e'sle and from stokehold slaves ;  
Make music that my being craves,  
    I fill with hope and pride.  
And my reward shall be the tears  
Of joy pour'd forth in future years ;  
By they who now in mill and mine,  
And in the sweatshop pinch and pine.

### Refrain :

See, now they come from every land, etc.

## DARE TO BE A DANIEL.

Dare to be a Daniel,  
Dare to stand alone;  
Dare to have a purpose firm,  
Dare to make it known!  
—“Sacred Songs and Solos.”

A Daniel come to judgment,  
I thank thee for teaching me that word.  
—“Merchant of Venice.”

The “man o’ independent mind,”  
Might sympathy expect to find  
In those whom Daniel so admire,  
And of his praises never tire;  
But great hearts rarely now appear,  
In bigotry’s contracted sphere,  
That purse and power always use  
In bolstering up the worst abuse.  
If privilege and power you taunt,  
You’re not the sort of Daniel that they want.

For if like Christ you take your stand,  
To speak upon some vacant land,  
Or corner in a public place,  
Alone, you dare to show your face,  
And preach the “Coming Commonweal”;  
Expose the Plutocratic “steal”;  
And prove that ownership in common  
’S the only hope for man and woman;  
The hypocrites will storm and rant:  
“That’s not the sort of Daniel that we want!”

Or if against that brutal law  
(The only remedy Moses saw)  
Of eye for eye and tooth for tooth,  
(That law that hung a Maori youth)  
You dare oppose Christ’s law of Love,  
Our foes forgive, as Heaven above

Forgives; breathe but to "turn the other  
check";

They wince, e'en while you strive to speak  
Their Master's words; nor will they grant  
That you're the sort of Daniel that they want.

If on Religion's failing tree  
A loftier graft you fain would see,  
Denounce the wooden Gods of old,  
Supported still by bags of gold;  
Urge Universal Brotherhood—  
That never yet was understood!  
By Priest or Prince the world around  
(Those cumberers of the Workers' ground!),  
They'd swamp you in dogmatic cant—  
You're not the sort of Daniel that they want!

And if your conscience serves you true,  
And dictates what is right to do;  
That with your fellows, black or white,  
You are at peace, in concord quite,  
And will not answer Pluto's call  
To arms, to work your brother's fall;  
They'd place the gauntlets on the wrists  
Of him who murderous schemes resists.  
If seeds of Brotherhood you'd plant—  
You're not the sort of Daniel that they want!

## APRES TOUT\*

Behold from Hell you see us back  
Where filth and vice you cannot shirk;  
With nerves for ever on the rack;  
Do overtime at devil's work.

Small wonder then that crime's abroad,  
That woman's tortured with delight;  
When it is taugth with gun and sword,  
That, spite of Moses, "MURDER'S RIGHT."

They urged us on whilst mothers weep.  
We thought the trip indeed great fun;  
Oh, yes! Our jobs for us they'd keep,  
Till we had smashed the hated Hun.

We smashed the Hun, altho' to some  
That doesn't seem exactly clear;  
For what they said would surely come  
'S a long, long time in getting here.

Their naked meanness now we see,  
But then, how big they used to talk;  
Yes! one pound ten they offer me,  
Since I've obtained this arm of cork.

We thought to fight, OUR country bid,  
That beckoning ghost was "Master Class";  
I see much clearer than I did,  
Since I've acquired an eye of glass.

The girl I loved, she took my job,  
Three quid a week I got, but Meg,  
She does the work for thirty bob,  
And my reward's this wooden leg.

"YOUR country calls!" That was the cry,  
I seek in vain the share I've won;  
Despairing to the streets I fly,  
And there a "copper" "moves me on."

\*Apres Tout (after all).

Men slowly learn the lesson still,  
That they who've nothing ever got  
But life, risk that with right goodwill,  
For they who own the "bally" lot.

I see the little girls at school,  
To take the jobs of men prepare;  
The "profiteers" use any tool,  
"The future race"? A lot they care!

Not for the role of happy wife,  
The lofty sphere of loving mother;  
But slave to shop or office life,  
Where nature's yearnings sigh and smother.

The road, girls, I would have you take,  
Altho' it might not bring you wealth,  
Would happy wives and partners make,  
And give you children rich in health.

Don't with the man for jobs compete.  
What tho' the "vultures" say you shirk;  
You'll only get enough to eat,  
When mothers and the children "work."

Vote that the man such wage shall get,  
As will in full and plenty keep them;  
And tho' your sphere shall widen yet,  
For jobs, girls, do not try to beat them.

Yes straight from hell you see us back,  
Where filth and vice you cannot shirk;  
You'll torture me with gaol and rack,  
Ere I again do devil's work.

## THE HEROES' AFTERMATH.

When cannons' loud rattle no more is heard,  
Nor mines' deep roar, nor rifles' crackling tones,  
The plough, close followed by the carrion bird,  
Turns up the heroes' barely covered bones.

Then for reflection Time may food provide,  
Which, served with grace, may tempt the appetite:  
With proofs to hand, then who dare Truth deride,  
Or venal press portray as black the white?

When we, whom fortune fair so far hath blessed,  
And spared our lives, but left us social wrecks  
Upon the coast of Time, would fain find rest,  
Then lo, the load's laid heavier on our necks.

And e'en as Goldsmith's pauper soldier showed,  
With his old crutch, how battlefields were won;  
To-day's maimed heroes, on the self-same road,  
For bare subsistence are content to run.

When Bosche and Briton, greeting hand in hand,  
In ways of peace, ask "For what these battle  
scars?"  
Or, "Why shed we blood in Belgium's stricken  
land?"  
Dumb is the Master-class, makers of wars.

Their ladies fine (in rustling silken robes  
Their poorer sisters weave, but may not wear).  
At under-rates of pay now find us jobs,  
And the cursed name of "scab" for us to bear.



## HERE COMES THE PRINCE.

What's this commotion through the land,  
Of feastings long, and pageants grand?  
Who's he that makes this great ado,  
And what is it he comes to view?  
Does he possess some special wit,  
That makes of him a leader fit?  
But, by the twitching of my thumbs,  
A Prince (toot, toot), he comes! he comes!

So bunting fly and ring the bells,  
And open wide the gambling hells;  
The pubs shall do a roaring trade,  
'Tis times like these the money's made:  
What matter that the poor do die,  
And in their wretched hovels lie;  
What matter boots and clothes are dear—  
The Prince of Wales will soon be here!

So trot out all the sycophants,  
In shining hats and Sunday pants.  
But toilers, stay at home and sup,  
And wisely put your shutters up.  
Let old age pensioners so weak,  
Who starve on fifteen "bob" a week,  
Beneath the table pick the crumbs  
And shout "hooray" when Woodbine comes!

But clean the dirt off Biddy Vic,\*  
And Haining Street just give a liek;  
Paint out the names of all the Huns,  
And stuff the kids with penny buns.  
Shout in the Town Hall, hymns and prayers  
To German tunes, on Austrian chairs,  
A Grandson of the German Guelph,†  
The Prince of Wales, 'tis he himself.

\*Statue in Kent Terrace. A name given to Queen Victoria.

† Guelph. The family name of the Victorian stock.

## TO AN UNFORTUNATE FRIEND.

Early environment our lives may mar,  
The choosing of forebears to all's denied;  
Who shall we blame for what we are?  
Where is the judge that can decide?

And they who feel securely armed,  
And proof against the shafts of sin,  
A sight, a sound, a scent, and charmed  
'S the slumbering beast within.

'Twere hard enough that through some kiss,  
Begot in paleolithic bowers,  
That one of life so much must miss,  
Without anathema of ours.

What merit mine that fate should cast  
My lot in lines that led to love?  
Unfolding worlds replete and vast,  
Ambrosian of the Gods above!

Whilst you, poor friend, through passion crushed,  
Condemned to live "the loveless life";  
In whom sweet harmony is hushed,  
Confused with much internal strife.

He who lost all he once held dear,  
Can others' sorrows call his own;  
And sympathy draws forth a tear,  
For blissful days that each hath known.

Oh, may in coming clearer days,  
When past are all the clouds and tears,  
Life's evening see such setting rays  
As only gild declining years.



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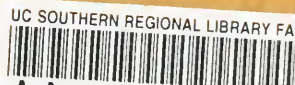
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